

The Birthday Wish

By: Sanjana V.

I just can't stop thinking about tomorrow! I'm going to turn 13, and although I really want to be small again, I just can't wait for my mom's special caramel cake, watching PG-13 movies, and eating awesome food. But then again, I wish I was a little baby, who didn't need to worry about anything except crying, being hungry, being tired, playing, and needing to go to the restroom! It's going to be a hard decision of what I should wish for, but I better get some sleep, first.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAGGIE!!!" my family yells as I come downstairs. "C'mon now," dad says. "Make a wish and blow out your candles!"

Hesitantly, I blow them out, wishing to be a little kid again, or at least for time to stop so that I won't have to grow.

I wake up, thinking that my birthday was super fun! Uhhh... am I in a baby crib? "Oh no. Oh no no no no no." Except it came more along the lines of, "Goo ga. Goo ga ga ga ga ga!" And then I see a younger version of my mom. "Awww, my baby, Maggie, what's wrong? Oh, did you poop in your diaper? C'mon, let's go change your diaper and get you ready!" "Oh no," I think to myself as she picks me up. "Whose birthday is it tomorrow, Maggie. Guess who guess who guess who." She says in that annoying high voice. "Yours! It's my little Maggie's birthday tomorrow! I can't believe you're turning 1!" That's when it occurred to me... if tomorrow is my birthday, I can wish for everything to go back to normal, but I have to wait all the way until tomorrow.

It's 9:30 pm, and I'm having second thoughts about whether I should stay here or if I should leave. After a lot of thinking, though, I have decided to leave, because it isn't fair that I get to relive my life, but the billions of people out there don't, so once I wake up, I will wish to go back.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAGGIE!!!" my family yells as my mom carries me downstairs. "C'mon now," dad says. "Make a wish and I will blow out the candles for you!" I shake my head, point to the candles, point to me, and somehow, manage to spit out a "Me blow!" And so I make my wish and blow the candles, myself. "Awww, Maggie, you said your first word!" mom says. Mom had always told me that my first word was, "cookies." I'll ask mom when I get back home.

I wake up, and sure enough, I'm on my twin sized bed with lavender bed sheets and blankets. I run downstairs and see my mom in the kitchen, making omelets. "Mom, what was my first

word ever?" I ask in a hurry. "Your very first word was, "Me blow," because you wanted to blow your candle when you were turning 1."

"Wow," I think. Not only did I go back in time, but I also changed my history! "That's so cool," I say aloud. Mom looks at me, puzzled. "It's a long story," I say turning around with a huge smile stuck to my face. I walk back upstairs, going to get ready- but this time, by myself!